

The Evening World.

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CAPITALIZING CALAMITY.

NO MORE contemptible form of enterprise exists than that which takes advantage of public crises to raid pocketbooks. Evidence is piling up to prove that conspiracy promptly seized upon the threat of a railroad strike as opportunity to plot wholesale advances in the prices of poultry, meat and vegetables. In the markets of this city within the past few days potatoes have gone up a dollar a barrel. Corn has advanced ten cents a dozen. String beans cost twenty cents more per bushel. All grades of meat are dearer by from one to three cents a pound.

Be it remembered these price advances affect foodstuffs the cost of which had already attained heights to which the average householder could hardly make his money reach. Moreover, the price boosters have been busied with ordinary articles of food upon which the poor depend. An increase of a few cents in the cost of common vegetables or soup greens tears hardest upon those who already carry the heaviest load.

There is strong reason to believe the plot has been deliberate and extended. The wholesale poultry dealers who held 160 carloads of chickens in the freight yards of New Jersey and Staten Island while the price in New York markets was being jumped along from nineteen to twenty-six cents a pound on the pretext of scarcity were only one set of conspirators. The farmers and the butchers have been eager to get their share of the extortion harvest.

A large part of the farm produce sold in this city is brought here not in trains but in motor trucks that run from farms twenty to a hundred miles out. No matter. At the words "railroad strike" the retail dealer pricks up his ears. He knows many of his customers are not over-well informed. They ask few questions. "Strike" is enough to silence their complaints when the price boosting begins.

Haven't it been the same with "War"? Haven't Americans for the past two years had to dig deeper and deeper into their pockets to pay for a hundred common commodities from gasoline to blotting paper—with, for the most part, no better reason offered them than vague mumblings about "the war in Europe"?

When the public began to look into the reasons for the exorbitant cost of gasoline the price suddenly slid down like magic. What about other commodities? Would the increase in the cost of shoes, clothing, chemicals, metals, writing paper, even books—involving a steady rise in the cost of day to day existence which people all over the country are beginning to feel with alarm—would all these advances in the prices of common articles stand the test of investigation?

Or is the American consumer in many directions paying more and more for things his own country produces in abundance in order that a few of his shrewd fellow countrymen may fill their pockets out of his, keeping him quiet while with talk about the disrupted state of foreign trade?

There is a type of business man who thinks it enterprise to capitalize calamity. To take advantage of a situation which embarrasses others and extract therefrom profit for himself is his idea of clever dealing.

This man is not peculiar to the United States. But let us admit it—there are too many of him here.

It is he who puts shoddy goods not up to sample in shipments to South American or other foreign markets, thereby damaging the reputation of the American manufacturer throughout the world.

It is he who "trims" all with whom he deals so mercilessly, so close to the edge of the law, that he makes "Yankee shrewdness" a term misunderstood and misused by other nations. It is he who when he sees a chance does not hesitate to turn misfortune or crisis in his own country to account, and who calls money he extorts from fellow citizens fair profit.

This is the type of dealer who is responsible for the general advance in food prices which again menaces New York and whose activities call for the prompt attention of the District Attorney and the Grand Jury.

There is ample law, Federal and State, under which these price boosters can be prosecuted and punished. But public opinion can also do its part.

It can make State and Nation too hot for these skulking plotters who defile American business standards with their habits of prey.

Hits From Sharp Wits

To come outwardly religious people heaven is a place principally for the convenience of those whom they do not like.—*Albany Journal.*

Why is it that only the oldest and most uninteresting magazines are always found on the table in the dentist's waiting room?—*Macon News.*

Some men are so lazy that they believe the fact that they cannot roll over on their back like the shark when they obtain their daily food.—*Milwaukee News.*

Letters From the People

Fifty Cents.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is a cent dated 1857 worth?
A. H.

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is a dime issued in 1854 worth anything outside of its face value?
CONSTANT READER.

Cobb Is Given This Honor by Many.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who is considered the best all-around baseball player in the major leagues?
L. M.

Write Elliot Norrie, No. 2 Reister Street, New York City.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
How may I and a friend enter into the service of the French Army as ambulance drivers?
B. B.

Friday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What day did June 5, 1855, fall on?
A. READER.

Russian.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
If parents are born in Russia what are their children born in America?
W. E. M.

That Is the Present Plan.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will the high schools open on the same day as the elementary schools?
Sept. 23?

Anybody's Elise.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which is proper: anybody's else or anybody else's?
E. R. H.

Saturday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What day did Oct. 27, 1900, fall on?
E. R. H.

Apply to Company.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is required to become a guard on Interborough Elevated road?
P. J. F.

Thursday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I was born Aug. 20, 1840. Please tell me the day of the week. I was so young that I can't remember.
E. H. T.

It Has Been Done Several Times.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A claims that in a recent edition of your paper an article appeared stating that the Lord's Prayer was written on the head of a pin. B claims this impossible.
V. A.

The Man of the (8) Hour!

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell.

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GUS, the popular proprietor of the cafe on the corner, stood behind his bar when Mr. Jarr entered. The place was deserted and Gus was engaged in taking cigars from his upper waistcoat pockets and putting them back in the cigar boxes back of the bar.

"Hello, Gus! How's the boy?" asked Mr. Jarr.
"The boy is all right, if you mean me. If you mean Elmer, my bartender, I don't know how he is except he's suffering from the heat of health, because it's his day off. He never gets sick on his own time."

"What are you putting the cigars in the boxes for?" asked Mr. Jarr.
"It ain't none of your business," replied Gus. "No I'll tell you. What with all a fellow is swindled for by his customers in this business, and what with beer costing a dollar and a half more a barrel than it used to, and how dull things is mit the high cost of living and the moving pictures, I'd turn over my mortgage to the brewer if it wasn't for the cigar profits."

"Oh, the cigar profits are large, are they?" ventured Mr. Jarr.
"Of themselves they ain't so large," said Gus. "But when fellers treat and I say, 'Oh, I'll take a cigar,' that's all profit, because I can put them back in the box later on."

"You've got the strongest cigars for a nickel I ever smoked," remarked Mr. Jarr, thinking a little knock was due.
"I got to have 'em," replied Gus. "If a cigar ain't strong it breaks in my pocket before I can get it back in the box."

"Do you do much ten-cent cigar trade here?" inquired Mr. Jarr, noticing Gus was restoring the cigars back to different boxes.
"Oh, they are all the same—cost me twenty-six dollars a thousand," said Gus. "Only I got a discriminating trade. So when a customer says 'Gimme a cigar,' or 'I'll take a cigar,' I give him a 'Teamster's Regalia' and charge him five cents. But if he says 'Gimme a GOOD cigar,' I charge him ten cents for it. And when a customer says 'Have something yourself,' Gus and I say 'I'll take a cigar,' then I only charge him five cents, but if he is a swell sport I say, 'I'll take a GOOD cigar,' then I charge him ten cents. But the cigars is all the same."

"These are trade secrets, Gus," remarked Mr. Jarr. "I may go into the retail liquor trade some day."
"You?" replied Gus, in scorn. "You ain't got what is the high-tone words for spreading the salve?"
"Tact, diplomacy, savoir faire?" Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, them's them," replied Gus.

Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Unrequited Love.

ONCE upon a time there was a woman. She was an attractive person and had many admirers, yet none of them had touched her heart.

Everybody expected her to make a good match because of her popularity. But it looked as though she was never going to choose one "for better or for worse."

Now, it came to pass that there came one "different" from the rest. That is to say, he had travelled much in foreign countries, had braved many storms. He was very handsome and somewhat of a hero. It was almost love at first sight with this girl.

He represented something to her that was not like the others. He went about with the girl, but marriage was not in his mind. In fact, away off there in the South Seas a beautiful creature was waiting—waiting for him to return to lead her to the altar.

But the girl had set her heart on him. None other seemed so wonderful to her. She wanted him for her very own. One day he told her how he valued her friendship and also—about the other girl.

Somehow or other this only made her love him more because it seemed impossible to get him. So she kept on seeing him because she could not bear to be away from him.

The man went off with the usually friendly goodbye to return to the girl he had left behind. Now this young woman, instead of looking the situation squarely in the face, lost her good sense and judgment and gave way to her feelings. Life did not seem worth living.

Give no reins to your inflamed passions; take time and a little delay; impetuously manages all things badly.—STATUIS.

"You wouldn't hold your trade, even if you got a good stand. No, a retail liquor dealer, he's got to be SOME-BODY. Now, that feller Dinkston, if he wouldn't talk so much with his mouth, and he wouldn't try to be his best customer, he might make a retail liquor dealer."

"I saw him the other day," said Mr. Jarr. "What do you think? He's a movie actor now."

"So he told me," Gus replied. "He was in to-day to get the price of a shave and a haircut. He's going into a big picture by Shakespeare called 'Clara Peters'."

"Clara Peters?" repeated Mr. Jarr. "Who's 'Clara Peters'?"
"Oh, I know her," said Gus. "She was a trouble maker, I bet. Good, quiet women who can cook a feller a fine dinner and who takes care of the children, you don't hear nothing about them. But the kind like this Clara Peters was, oh, my!"

Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

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The Unrequited Love.

LUCILE, the waitress as the newspaperman unfolded his napkin, "I'm getting to be one of those philosophers. You know what I mean—

one of those people who think if it ain't all right, what difference does it make? and it will be fine later. Get me?"

"You mean you're a philosopher?"
"Sure—that's it. Sometimes you get money and pretty clothes and sometimes you ain't. It's all in a lifetime, so why worry? How's that for being what you said I was?"

"Fie! But what started you in that direction?"
"A fellow comes in here yesterday with a long beard and loose his pocketbook. Wait, now! I don't mean he lost it in his beard. He drops it over the counter, and me, not being a crook, finds it and turns it in. Say, kid, it has eleven hundred coins of the realm in it. This morning the proprietor hands me a \$5 bill as a reward of honesty. The whiskered victim has sent it in."

"Well, sir, I'm more happier than tongue can tell. In a minute I've got it all figured out as how I'll buy that yellow sweater I piped in a Broadway store window. Gee, how I want that sweater. However, I don't get it and yet I'm happy."

"About 9 o'clock in comes Frisco. About a conscriptive news stand guy. He's the husband of Nellie, a little half-dog girl, who worked in here last month. Nellie is a human being and I know it, because didn't I see her cry when a little feeble old guy didn't have a dime to pay for what he eat and didn't she slip it to him? Well, now you got Nellie. I ask Tony about her."

"She makka me a lotta trouble," he tells me. "I ain't very good on Italian dialogue, kid, but I'll try to imitate him for you. I ask what's wrong?"
"Da doc take her to Friendship Hospital. He say she is sick," says Tony. Then he feeds and beats it."

"During the next half hour I get the hospital on the phone and they inform me that Nellie's got heart trouble and is pretty sick. I tell 'em to give her my love."
"Mighty nice of you," said the newspaperman.

"Now, don't praise me, kid, or I'll throw my arms around your neck and bust out crying."

Here Lucile pointed to a shelf under the lunch counter. "See that rose in that glass?" she asked. "Well, Nellie sent it to me two hours ago. It's one of a lot she received this morning."

"A lot? Were you up to see her?"
"No, but I know she got a lot of roses. She didn't know who sent 'em and she won't never know. I just got a phone call saying she won't."

"How about that yellow sweater?" asked the newspaperman.
"Lucile frowned just a bit.
"Say," she asked, "what are you in here for anyway—to eat or talk about sweaters? What'll it be—beans or hash? They're both of 'em hold-overs from last night."

The Woman of It

By Helen Rowland

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The Woman of It.

WHAT is that? demanded the Bachelor, "in whom you are leaning so radiantly?"

"That?" repeated the Widow, "she's the woman who's turned her smiling eyes away from the tall young man across the grill who looks at her like a star. Oh, that's just Jack."

"Just Jack? WHAT?"
"Just Jack? He's the Widow's ex-husband. His last name—well, it's really doesn't matter. Nobody ever calls him by it. I call him 'The Radiant' and Jack the Bachelor, but most people call him 'Just Jack' after the first half hour. It's an application of affection."

"Humph!" grunted the Bachelor, puffing his cigarette with an air of disapproval. "He looks like a futurist or an artist or—"

"He is an artist!" broke in the Widow emphatically. "A past master in the Fine Art of Being Lovable. Mr. Weatherbush, the only art that really pays in the long run—the gentle art of being BELIEVED."

"I'd like to be liked," murmured the Bachelor plaintively. "Tell me his secret. How does he do it?"

"Oh, just by liking everybody," returned the Widow, stirring her claret punch and vainly fishing for the cherry with the straw. "Just by looking for the best in everybody, and overlooking the worst. Just by forgetting himself and his own little whims and idiosyncrasies and troubles and preferences and remembering everybody else. The secret is in a looking glass you know. And the love or indifference or hatred or kindness you see in other people's eyes is merely a reflection of what is in your own. You remember the saying, 'The love you give away is the only love you keep.' The likable people, the irresistible people in this world are those who radiate gentleness and kindness and love every minute of the time. It sounds so easy, doesn't it? But just try it—after a nerve-racking day at the office or when your dinner is disagreeing with you or before you've had your morning coffee or when you've just been defeated at golf or in a love affair, and you're again with me that it is an art and not a mere accident of birth or nature. Some of the most fascinating people I know are the least lovable—at times."

"Oh, 'fascinating people!'" and the Bachelor dismissed them with a wave of his cigarette. "They are nearly all such unmitigated egotists that you can't like 'em—except when you love 'em."

The Yeast of the Bread of Life.

AND that's the beautiful thing about 'Jack'!" rejoined the Widow. "He's SUCH a relief from ordinary people. You don't have to keep off of his 'tender sensibilities' nor dodge his sharp corners nor avoid his prejudices—because he hasn't any. He's not an egotist nor a fanatic nor a Socialist nor a dyspeptic nor even a misogynist. He hasn't an isn't nor a theory nor an obsession nor a hobby to his name. He just has a kind and gentle heart and a glowing, happy, joyous nature that works like heaven in a whole room full of people, and raises the atmosphere from dreary dullness to bubbling hilarity."

"Kind hearts are more than corner lots!" mocked the Bachelor cynically. "And infinitely rarer and scarcer," asserted the Widow promptly. "Least the cheerful kind are. Most people climb up on their hobbies or the vanity or their dignity or their egotism and sit there, expecting the world to salivate as it goes by."

"Instead of running along with the crowd and offering everybody a or a camp chair," scoffed the Bachelor.

"Exactly," answered the Widow. "And then they wonder why they lonely. Did you ever observe how many 'lonely' people there are in the world, Mr. Weatherbush? LONELINESS is the curse of New York—there are more people to the square mile than anywhere else on earth! himself seriously SOME times. He must have his solemn moments, and melancholy spells and his blues and grouches."

"And there MUST be some eternally sunny nature to relieve the melancholy and scatter sweetness and light amid the gloom!" retorted the Widow. "Now WHAT are you laughing at?"

"I was just thinking," chuckled the Bachelor, "of how the sun will shine down when your 'Jack-of-Hearts' gets married, and has to concentrate all that sweetness and light on one woman!"

The Jack-of-Hearts a 'Candy Kid.'

"MARRIED!" exclaimed the Widow with a little cry of alarm. "He married! Oh, he never will do that! He is too impartial, too broad-minded to narrow his affections down to just one person. He prefers to cut them up like maple fudge and pass them around to the crowd. He is a true philanthropist, Mr. Weatherbush."

"Don't you think that with all that heart he could make one woman happy?" demanded the Bachelor.

"I do not," answered the Widow positively. "And just think, if he ever did marry, how many women he'd make UNHAPPY! He is the one type of man on earth who is ENTITLED to remain a bachelor!"

"Hear, hear!" cried the Bachelor. "Me for sweetness and light and personal affection—the one and only insurance against matrimony!"

The Week's Wash
By Martin Green

WHAT about this railroad strike?" asked the head polisher.

"It is this way," explained the laundry man. "Both sides went in on a bluff. The Brotherhood players finally put all their chips on the table. Then the railway managers, who had started to put in all their chips and call the Brotherhoods, wanted to hold out a few blue ones. In the mean time the Brotherhoods, seeing the railroad presidents pushing their chips toward the middle of the table and thinking they were coming in, began to holler for somebody to count the deck. At this time it appears as though they would agree to divide the pot and break up the game."

"Each side entertains for the other the mellow, kindly regard a Belgian peasant feels toward the German officer who is gently persuading him to cut bay for German army horses. If the struggle results in a compromise the Brotherhood union will be intact, but they won't have the night-hour day they have been clamoring for, while the railroads will not have had the arbitration they have been clamoring for. But the railroads have something in reserve—a battery of well paid, intelligent lawyers."

"If the railroads get away without a strike they will turn the situation over to the courts and order them to shoot holes in the Eight-Hour Law. The Brotherhoods have lawyers too, but in all the struggles between the railroads and the Brotherhoods of recent years, whether the Brotherhoods engaged as units or collectively, the railroads have been united and the railroad lawyers have outgeneraled the union lawyers. The unions have won what appeared to be arbitration victories, but after the railroad lawyers got through with the settlements the unions found themselves back at the starting point, or maybe a little further back."

"The railroads claim that the engineers and trainmen don't want to work eight hours a day, no more no less, but are trying to squeeze out overtime and thus increase their wages, indirectly, at a rate they wouldn't have the nerve to ask for right out in the open. This is probably more or less true."

"It might be well for the union men to encourage the railroads to put their case in the hands of lawyers. History shows that at all railroads that get into the hands of lawyers pete out the hands of receivers. One of the railroad presidents, Mr. Hill, who inherited his job from his father, announced the other day that train employees on roads in the east of the country generally enjoy the eight-hour day."

They Lose to Win.
THAT invading fleet of war ships seems to have wiped out the defending fleet," remarked the head polisher.

"Quite so," replied the laundry man. "Quite, quite so. And any time we have one of those little old war games in New York City you can bet the invading fleet is going to win. It matters how gallantly the defending fleet runs up and down the coast. Theoretical force will be landed close enough to New York City to theoretically blow us off the map. Just as long as the navy depends on appropriation from a Congress that is more or less influenced by public opinion you may rest assured that no theoretical fleet is ever going to keep a theoretical enemy away from this town—or any other seacoast town, either."

No Heat Wave.
SEB," said the head polisher, "that cool weather prevailed in Indianapolis the other day when Mr. Fairbanks informed that it is the running mate of Charles I. Hughes."

"It was feared in some quarters that the laundry man, 'Charles I. Hughes' of Illinois, who made a notification campaign, might heat things up, but, of course, under the circumstances, Mr. Fairbanks being there, such fears were unfounded."

An Amphibious Auto-Boat

A San Francisco inventor ingeniously contrived an automobile which is equally at home on land or water. The hull, or body, is hung on large steel springs, similar to those used on stock automobile bodies. These springs are so exposed, but the car is contained within the hull with the rest of the mechanism, and are protected from all dust, grit and water. The sides of the boat-automobile are high enough to prevent the shipping of water, but the machine is not designed to be operated in rough weather. The hydro-motor car rides well in the water and is able to attain a speed of about ten miles an hour.